

THE LONG-AGO.

O, the beautiful, beautiful past, With its memories all aglow; They are gleaming to-night, with a radiance bright.

The mountains, rock-ribbed and rough, Where our feet grew weary and worn, Are brought to view and are clothed anew With a beauty of heaven-born.

The storm in the valley sighed, With its sometimes sweet refrain, But our souls are at rest on its heaving breast, For the music alone remains.

The sunset of life draws near In the sweet and blessed calm; Its tender rays glide the sombre day, And mellow its tears to balm.

And we list at eventide For the distant bell, which, lo! In the waning light, ring a sweet good-night. To the chiming of the long-ago. -Marion Boal, in United Presbyterian.

The Hollow in the Red Rocks.

By A. W. Whitehouse.

SUDDEN and unlooked for things happen in the mountains. For all that we are civilized, and the bad man is no longer very bad, evil deeds are done among the lonely peaks, and sometimes two men go on a journey, and very long afterwards one skeleton is found.

I am now able to give some sort of an explanation of the motives which brought about the strange disappearance of my partner last October, though many of the facts remain to be cleared up.

To tell a connected story, I have to go back to a time when I was only a small ranchman, holding the nucleus of the present splendid property, and the Black Hills Land & Cattle company did not exist. In a matter of business I had made the acquaintance of old Matthew Sparks, the great dressed beef man at the Chicago stock yards, and the business acquaintance had developed into a personal friendship, during the course of which Mr. Sparks had been very kind to me indeed.

It was in the spring of '97 that I received the letter from Mr. Sparks which made so great a change in my prospects. It was very long, and went rather fully into business details, but one extract from it is necessary for the proper understanding of later events.

"I am sorry to say," he wrote, "that Archie (his only son) has signaled his entrance into business life by a very disreputable social scandal. There was an entanglement with a girl, followed by her suicide. I need hardly say that had I known of it in time, Archie should have done his duty at any cost to the family, but, as it is, Chicago is too hot to hold him, and it will be better for him to keep away for several years. Archie is devoted to outdoor pursuits, and will very probably take quite kindly to ranching, though he is no good at all in the office."

Then followed an offer which made me sit up. Briefly, I was to acquire on his behalf enough neighboring property to support 40,000 head of cattle, and my own interest in the concern was to be so large as to make me a fairly wealthy man in the course of a very few years. The only pill was Archie. I had met that youth, and did not like him. He was to be appointed a subordinate officer in the company, and was to enjoy the income of a large block of its stock, provided that he made his regular home at the ranch and never slept away from it for more than 14 consecutive nights.

Apart from my obligations to Mr. Sparks, the offer was too good to be refused. There is a sweet certainty about cattle when you are entangled in the kindly arms of the best trust that no cowman could resist; and so it was not very long before Archibald Sparks came to take up his residence at the ranch.

It is well to say nothing but good of the dead, but as there is not yet any legal proof that Archie has crossed the great divide I must haste to describe him while I can do so with a clear conscience.

He belonged to a not uncommon type that is repulsive to men, though by no means unattractive to women, a type which I can only define as the unpleasantly physical. His body was robust and he had glorified the care of his person into a kind of religion. He was an extremely well-built boy, with one of those yearning, intense faces, that you see among a small class of poets and actors and a large class of brutes. Of brains, morals and application he was destitute.

During the first few months of the expansion of the property the work was chiefly of a clerical nature—securing options, besieging land offices, interviewing surveyors and the like. In this I did not look for any help from my new partner and none was volunteered; but when the great herds of cattle began to pour in from the west and south, I certainly expected to be able to rely on him. And for several weeks, before the novelty wore off, he did save me a great deal of trouble. By July, however, the hot, dry season had begun in earnest, and you could hardly see the stock you were driving for the dust they raised. This was too much for Archie. He was not going to injure his precious eyes for any mere business consideration. After that I saw very little of him. His time was divided between shooting, fishing and other pursuits of a less reputable nature, and his appearances at the ranch were just sufficiently frequent to fulfill the conditions which held his interest in the property.

It was towards the end of July that Clark Fenton arrived in the town in

which we got our supplies. Evidently belonging to the better class of working men, he was short, extremely powerful and spoke pronouncedly through his nose. His conversation was chiefly remarkable for its contrast to the vigorous and high-flavored language used by the natives. He never swore.

Apparently he had plenty of money, and at first when questioned as to his intentions, replied that he had earned enough for a holiday, and was going to look around a bit before settling on a line of work. He was jacked of many trades, he said, and could make a good living as soon as he decided. He picked up a number of acquaintances, displayed a great interest in the resources and prospects of the surrounding country and early in August announced that he had determined to try his luck for a season as a professional hunter and trapper.

In this capacity he met with success from the start. He was a brilliant shot, and though the country was new to him, he seemed to have a natural instinct as to the whereabouts of game. Several short trips were arranged by the local magnates, with Fenton as a pilot, and in each case they returned spoil-laden.

Naturally, Archie fell in with him, and naturally they had much enthusiastic talk in common, but their several engagements prevented them from arranging an expedition together till the middle of October.

About this time there were large and destructive forest fires in the Rockies, and the smoke hung a heavy pall over all the land. The sun rose and set blood-red, and men could hardly quench their thirst. Much game was driven out, and, crossing the intervening 40 miles of plain, deer and elk took up their abode on our range in the south part of the Black Hills. Other visitors arrived, not so welcome. A mountain lion was seen by one of our cowboys feasting on a calf, and the next night, ten miles away, he robbed the henroost of a fence-rider.

To harbor the beast meant a certain loss of a thousand dollars a year, and I turned his pursuit and destruction over to Archie, who took to the idea with great eagerness. He at once engaged Clark Fenton to accompany him, and on the 17th of October the pair started with a team and spring wagon belonging to the ranch, loaded with guns, rifles and all the paraphernalia required for a two-weeks' camp in the hills.

From that day to this, no man, so far as is known, has ever set eyes on either of them.

A fortnight went by, but as Archie was supposed to be hunting within our fence (an enclosure, by the way, of about three-quarters of a million acres) and was at work for the benefit of the ranch, I made no report of his absence to his father. But during the third week the weather became very bitter and stormy—too rough, I should have supposed, for my partner—and when, on the 7th of November, I found that none of the cowboys had seen their camp at all, I became alarmed, and telegraphed to Mr. Sparks.

Promptly came back the reply: "Send up to fifty thousand in inquiries. Draw on me." The number of riders we put out to cover the ground, and the number of detectives we employed would hardly be believed, if I gave them; but up to June, '98, the only things we recovered were the wagon and horses. A Mexican in Arizona was working old Blue, and a missionary on the Crow reservation in Montana had Duck and the wagon, but they had passed through so many hands that it was impossible to trace them back to any one resembling either Clark Fenton or Archie Sparks.

Poor Mr. Sparks took the disappearance of his son very deeply to heart, and his efforts in the search were redoubled, but were entirely fruitless.

In June, '98, I had occasion to ride over a part of the range about ten miles distant from the home ranch. The nature of the country was rather curious. The soil was a heavy, orange-colored sand, growing a fairly good stand of pasture grass, and spangled at this season with wild flowers of every hue. At frequent intervals there rose red sandstone rocks, some of great size, and carved by weather into the most fantastic shapes. Here would be a table, many hundred tons in weight, set on three slender legs; there a thin slab, serving edgeways for a sun dial. Fancy could picture George Washington, the Sphinx and other celebrities, when the strange masses were looked at from the proper point.

These crags were the home of wild-cats, and my bull-terriers (who generally succeeded in following me when I meant to leave them at home) were soon bustling one from rock to rock. The cat finally took refuge in a mass of red sandstone about an acre in extent, the terraces following, and while I waited for them to come out again I amused myself by examining the curious formation. On three sides the overhanging, to the height of 40 feet. At the top the weather had done strange work. Crowning the walls were great mushroom-like shapes, on high, thick stems, each different and yet all alike. The intervals were almost regular, giving the appearance of a battlemented tower, or, better, of some vast fantastic crown. To the east there was a bluff, where willows and underbrush grew thickly on a steep slope; and amid them issued a tiny spring.

of one of them, let myself down just in time to assist at the obsequies of the cat.

The field of battle had centered near a small hole in the rocky wall, which a pack rat had partly filled with brush and various rubbish. This had been disturbed by the cat and dog encounter, and further in the hole I saw what looked like brown leather. Brown leather it proved to be—a check book of the kind that folds over, and serves for holding other documents.

The checks had been used, and the counterfoils were scribbled over in pencil. The pencil writing was hard to decipher, but a very short inspection satisfied me that it was a diary kept by Archie Sparks.

This is what he wrote: October 18—Pain in my foot is awful, but I must write, as I do not expect to get out of here alive. Why did he do it? But you do not know yet what he did, so I will tell. Yesterday we came here and camped at the little spring. Started to explore the rocks about sunset. Found the way into the hollow, and I let myself down by a rope. Left both rifles at the top, and Clark Fenton was to follow me down. Instead of doing so, he pulled up the rope, saying: "This place will do as well as any," and shot me through the right foot. Shock must have made me faint, as I heard him saying things I didn't understand. Finally wished me a pleasant evening; said I should see him tomorrow, and went away. Fenton must be mad, or at least like this, and I doubt if help arrives in time.

October 19—Fenton is worse than mad—he is Minnie's brother. Minnie was my Chicago girl, you know. Was mining in Oregon then, and I never saw him. Now he tells me, and hopes to watch me starve to death, and hopes I will enjoy it. Pain in foot worse, and leg swollen. He let me down water in a tin bucket; says he wants me to have plenty of time. I see no hope.

October 20—Screamed all day, but Fenton, or Johnson, as his real name is, told me to go ahead and scream. Pain in foot less, but awful cramps in stomach. He eats his meals in full view of me. I ate gooseberry leaves.

October 21—Minnie came to see me to-day with a baby in her arms; opened a way for me out of the rock; I started to follow, but fell down, down, down.

October 22—Poor Minnie. After this there were only a few feeble scrawls. We have turned over all the loose sand in the hollow, and have had large gangs of men examine the ground in all directions, but have come on no other evidence that would support the idea that poor Archie was buried in the neighborhood.

Up to date there has been no news of Johnson, alias Fenton. He is thickest, speaks with a nasal accent and never swears.

Not a Promising Client. An old lawyer tells a good story about a case he had, but which he didn't keep. An Irish woman sent for him in great haste one day. She wanted him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice said:

"Mr. B., O! want ye to get a remand for me by Jimmie."

"Very well, madam," replied the lawyer. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?"

"Shure," she can just tell the court that O! want a remand till O! can get a better lawyer to spake for the by."

After telling the woman that she would have to get another lawyer to take up the case, he hurried back to his office a very angry man.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

A Masculine Trait. "Men, as a class, are not certainly in the habit of boasting of their good looks," said Miss Zaida ben Jusuf, the distinguished photographer. "At the same time, though, every man is sure, and rightly sure, that there is in his face some unique and admirable quality, and on account of this quality he would not change faces with any one."

"There is an Arabian story," Miss ben Jusuf resumed, "which brings out men's liking for their own faces and their distaste of the faces of their fellows."

"Two camel drivers, according to the story, met in the market place and the first said:

"I met a man to-day who declared that I resembled you."

"Tell me who it was," said the other, "that I may knock him down."

"Oh, you need not trouble," said the first camel driver, "I did that at once." Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Would Not Do. A Boston mother with the true Boston woman's born-and-bred horror of anything "vulgar" had to engage a nurserymaid to take the place of one who had married. An advertisement calling for the service of another maid was inserted in the papers, and an applicant appeared in the person of a demure looking young woman, to whom the mother of the four young hopefuls said:

"I am very particular regarding the language used by my nurserymaids. I am especially particular regarding the use of slang. I never allow my children to use any form of slang, and I hope you would not mind if I corrected any grammatical errors I might discover in your conversation."

"Well, I dunno," said the applicant, after a few moments' reflection. "I guess, lady, that I'd hardly come up to the scratch, so I might as well get it over and me an' look somewhere else for a sit. So long, lady."—Woman's Home Companion.

His only Refuge. It was a well dressed young man, with a sad, faraway look in his eyes, that stood on the steps as the lady opened the door.

FEATURES OF MANCHURIA.

Roads in Rainy Season Are Impassable—Rank Growth of Sorghum.

The valleys of the Liao and the Yalu are separated by the great backbone ridge of mountains, known by a variety of names, which stretch from near Kiadivostok, the highest points within the area of the present military operations not exceeding 4,000 feet.

Just as in the Alps, says a London paper, we find short valleys and abrupt descents on the side of Italy and easier gradient with long and divergent valleys on that of France, so in these Manchurian mountains, although the distinction is much less marked, the northern slopes are steeper than the southern and often fall in precipitous descents. These hills are for the most part wooded, the forest zone extending from near Kaijing all along the watershed to the Long White mountain and northeastern Corea. The southern slopes are more cultivated than those of the north and are covered with the debris of disintegrated granite rock, mica and schist, washed down into the valleys by the rains.

The woods vary in character in different localities. In some places the local woodmen and charcoal burners have made clearings; in others the trees and undergrowth have been uncut for years.

When we speak of roads in Manchuria we speak of things that scarcely exist. Apart from the mountain districts the roads in southern Manchuria have the peculiarity of being below the level of the adjoining and cultivated land. The reason for this is that the cultivators annually steal thousands of cart loads of soil from the roads in order to mix it with the farmyard manure, and they especially favor the mudholes in the roads, which offer a richer soil.

In consequence the tracks in the low-lying districts go from bad to worse, until they become mere stretches of stagnant water, and fresh tracks are then made across the fields, becoming roads in their turn. As there are no divisions between properties, carts travel freely over the fields when they are hard frozen in winter, but in spring there is endless friction between farmers and carters when the latter attempt to traverse the newly sown fields to avoid the mudholes.

From the middle of June until the middle of July all wagon traffic ceases on the roads in the low districts and only the smaller and lighter carts can travel at all. From about July 1 to September 15 all traffic stops on these roads, which then become practically impassable for wheeled vehicles. Movement is then confined to the passage of light carts and pack animals along the mountain tracks, and this continues until some time after the close of the rainy season.

The Liao plain and some of the richer valleys near Liauyang and Haiheng have large areas covered with the most characteristic crop of the country—namely, kao-liang (tall grain), or sorghum. This crop is planted in drills two feet apart, each plant being from a foot to 18 inches from the next. It has the appearance of maize and the crop is earthen up like an English potato field. Once the rains begin in earnest the kao-liang grows rapidly and shoots up to 12 feet or 15 in height, completely covering even mounted troops from view and resembling a sugar plantation.

When this season comes the Chinese footpad is in season and so perfect is the cover that the local authorities make no attempt to effect arrests until after the harvest.

When fully grown the stems of the kao-liang are rough and impede movement; the ground is usually wet and soft; as the crop covers three-fourths of the Liao valley, it renders all movements of troops next to impracticable for two months. The chief of the other crops in southern Manchuria are the small yellow millet, the stalks of which make capital fodder for horses; dwarf beans and a grass resembling small millet with white grains. In the Shiyen valley only a little kao-liang is grown in patches, but there are maize, cotton, small millet and beans.

Bees and Fruit Growing. The beekeepers of a certain fruit-growing section of California once got into an altercation about pasturage for their bees, and, as a result, beekeeping was abolished in that part of the state. During the next few years the fruit crops fell off fully one-half. The question was investigated by alarmed growers, and it was found that the decrease in fruit had been coincident with the giving up of beekeeping, the pollenization, for the most part, having been neglected by the bees. To remedy this, bees were brought in in large numbers, and, in a year or two, the fruit output went back to its normal capacity—a big argument why every fruit grower should keep at least a few colonies of bees to insure the proper fertilization of his fruit blossoms.—Country Life in America.

Pay of Lobster Fishers. A Rockland (Me.) lobster dealer, who ships extensively to the south and west, has kept a careful tabulation of the prices in the last four years and finds that the fishermen have been receiving a steady increase. In 1900 the smackmen, or middlemen, paid to the fishermen an average of 12.85 cents a lobster. In 1901 the price jumped to 13.12 cents. The next year it was 15.83 cents, and last year it was 17.16 cents. The minimum price paid during the period was about nine cents and the maximum price 25 cents.

Making of a Soldier. "So you're going to Europe. Do you think you'll be seaisick?"

"Not much! I've swung around on the straps of a crowded street car four times a day for years. I'm used to a rough voyage."—Detroit Free Press.

Australia's Worst Desert. The Australian government has organized an expedition under Capt. Barclay to explore the region, comprising 50,000 square miles, between Eyre lake and the western boundary of Queensland. It is a desert of the worst type, which has cost the lives of several explorers.

Vast Energy in Coal. A chunk of coal releases, during combustion, enough energy to lift itself about 2,000 miles, or 32 miles from New York to Panama, vertically upward against constant sea level gravitation.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN FRUIT.

Fabulous Prices Paid by Rich New Yorkers for Rare Kinds from Foreign Countries.

In some of the very expensive restaurants in New York and other big cities fabulous prices are charged for some kinds of fruit. In fact, you can order a special dessert in some places that will cost anywhere from \$2 to \$250. These desserts, says a New York informant, will consist principally of fruit dainties, to provide which the greater part of the world has been ransacked. There are peculiar apples from Zanzibar, looking rather like turnips; pears, in appearance strongly resembling oranges, from northern Africa; grapes from English hot-houses; and Australia will most likely be represented by the Eiffel Tower pineapple.

Of all fruits Zanzibar apples are perhaps the rarest. Dozens of trees together will only bear a few of these apples, and the time for picking them has to be carefully selected. They must be gathered just a month before they would ripen, otherwise they will very quickly spoil.

These Zanzibar apples have reached the enormous price of \$100 each. They are not large, probably containing about ten bites, at \$10 a bite. The apples have to be specially ordered, for no caterer would ever dream of keeping them in stock.

Custard apples are another expensive luxury. They can be purchased at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$25 each, according to quality, and, according to those whose judgment in such matters is considered to be absolutely correct, must be eaten with pepper and salt. Two of the most fashionable fruits in the winter months are muscat grapes and strawberries, and until the end of January the latter are beyond the reach of people of moderate means.

A member of Mrs. Astor's "600" not long since went into a well-known fruiterer's in New York and offered \$250 to the manager if he could provide enough strawberries for five people that evening. The manager undertook to deliver the fruit within seven hours, and then promptly proceeded to wire to 40 different fruit gardens within 30 miles of the metropolis for strawberries. Seventeen gardens provided the required amount of strawberries (the remaining 23 not being able to produce a single one), and by half-past six that evening the fruit was delivered at a cost of nearly \$250 for each strawberry.

There are several persons in New York whose weekly bill for grapes at this season runs to never less than \$100. They pay \$5 per pound for the best muscat grapes, and receive at least three pounds per day.

The manager of a well-known fruiterer's establishment recently declared that lots of people who see high-priced fruit in the window will buy it just to see "what it tastes like," and in this way these "samplers," as they are called by the trade, are a considerable source of profit to many of the high-class fruiterers. These samplers will cheerfully spend a dollar on an apple or a pear to enjoy the experience of eating such a luxury.

NEW YORK, MOUSE TRAP.

View of Shore Line Brings a Comparison to a Grocery Counter.

"New York," said the commuter who was coming to town to work under protest, relates the Sun, "reminds me of one of those old-fashioned mouse traps."

"See it? The old-fashioned trap, you know, was just a round piece of wood with little holes in the edge for the mouse to stick his head in, expecting to find something inside. When he got his head in and began to nibble his bait, the wire loop sprang up and choked him to death."

"Now, there are holes all around the edge of Manhattan—I mean the ferry slips—and we suckers from out of town rush through them every morning, thinking that we are going to get something on the inside, but most of us get it where the mouse did."

"There is another point of similarity that you have forgotten," remarked the grocery man's companion. "They baited the old mouse trap with cheese suspended on a wire just inside the entrance to the hole. There is a saloon opposite every ferry slip hole along the Manhattan water front. The cheese bait is on every free lunch bar."

And when the human mice scrambled from the boat through the hole the workmaster seemed to have an intuition that the cost of going in where the cheese is kept was on him.

Good Enough. Miss Kate (in stationery store)—What kind of cards do you think the best for calling?

The New Clerk (absently)—I prefer four aces.—Chicago Journal.

PLEASANT ILLUSION.

Henpeck—Well, after all, it's a good thing for a man to marry a nagging woman.

Mrs. Henpeck—Why so?

Henpeck—Even if he doesn't save a long life, it seems long.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Foiled Fellow Students. At Oxford university a certain undergraduate was adjudged too fond of dress, and it was decided to correct this weakness by dropping him bodily into a fountain. The victim was seized one night when attired in evening dress and promptly immersed. To the surprise of his assailants, he made no resistance, but seemed thoroughly to enjoy his bath. "This won't improve your clothes, old man," said the leader.

"Oh, these aren't mine," he replied, mildly. "I heard what was on, so I slipped in and borrowed your dress things for the occasion."

SEN. FAIRBANKS DULY NOTIFIED

Officially Told of His Nomination For the Vice-Presidency.

CROWD WITNESSED CEREMONY

Ex-Secretary Root, the Spokesman, and Senator Fairbanks Were Both Recipients of Popular Ovations.

Indianapolis, Aug. 4.—Charles W. Fairbanks, senior United States senator from Indiana, was formally notified of his nomination for vice-president of the United States by the republican national convention.

The notification address was made by Elihu Root, ex-secretary of war, who was temporary chairman of the convention. The exercises were held on the wide veranda of Senator Fairbanks' beautiful home, in the presence of members of the notification committee, consisting of one member from each state and territory, the governor, and other state officials of Indiana, the republican candidates for state office, the Indiana republican congressional delegation, Indiana delegates and alternates to the national convention, the state central committee and the Repub-

lican editorial association. All these had been especially invited. The lawn surrounding three sides of the residence and extending far on all sides beneath the great forest trees were several thousand friends, neighbors and political supporters of the senior senator. Massed in a body were 3,000 members of the Marion club, who acted as escort for the distinguished visitors. Flags were seen everywhere. The house was elaborately decorated and on one side of the lawn two large tents were topped by waving banners. The day was one of the most beautiful of the year.

The especially invited guests were served with luncheon in large tents on the lawn, the general public was served with light refreshments in the house and a photograph of the candidate and committee was taken from the steps of the veranda.

The members of the notification committee arrived early. Ex-Secretary Root, after being given an informal reception, joined the other members of the committee at the English hotel. Shortly after noon the journey of one and one-half miles to the senator's home began. One thousand members of the Marion club acted as escort. In the first carriage rode Mr. Root and Gov. Durbin. The notification committee and other special guests followed in carriages. Several thousand persons cheered as the line moved along.

Many residences along the line were profusely decorated. Gathered at the residence were 5,000 persons. Senator Fairbanks and Mrs. Fairbanks received the committee and especially invited guests. Mr. Root and Mr. Fairbanks led the way to the veranda, where seats were arranged for all. An enthusiastic greeting was accorded the two speakers as they appeared on the veranda. The demonstration lasted for several minutes, during which the members of the committee were seated.

Mr. Root, without preliminary, made the formal notification address. He said in part:

Ex-Secretary Root's Speech. "Senator Fairbanks: The committee which now awaits upon you was appointed by the national convention of the republican party held at Chicago in June, and its agreeable duty is to notify you of your nomination as the republican candidate for the office of vice-president of the United States for the term to begin on the 4th day of March, 1909."

"We give you formal notice of that nomination with assurance of the undivided and hearty support of the great party which has executed the people's will in the government of this country for the better part of the last half century. The nomination comes to you in accordance with the best methods and practices of representative government. It was the result of long and earnest consideration and discussion by the members of the convention. It was not the chance product of an excited hour, and it was not upon the demand of any powerful influence—political or otherwise—constituting the judgment of the delegates. It was not made for the purpose of concealing possible malcontents, or of swelling the campaign fund of the party. No intrigues or influences contributed to it. No suppressions of the truth or misleadings of the convention as to your prin-

ples and opinions were necessary to bring about this nomination. It is a well-considered and intelligent judgment of the delegates from every state and territory and it was their unanimous judgment. It is the earnest wish of your party and of many good citizens who have no party affiliations that you shall accept this nomination, and that you shall be elected vice-president of the United States. In pressing to you this wish, we beg to add an assurance of our personal respect, esteem and loyalty."

Senator Fairbanks was given another ovation as he arose to accept the nomination. He said in part:

Senator Fairbanks' Response. "Mr. Root and Gentlemen of the Committee: I thank you for the very generous terms in which you have conveyed the official notification of my nomination for vice president of the United States. The unsolicited and unanimous nomination by the republican party is a call to duty, which I am pleased to obey. I accept the nomination which you bring with a profound sense of the dignity and responsibility of the exalted position for which I have been nominated. My utmost endeavor will be to discharge in full measure the duties of the office of the convention shall meet the approval of the American people."

"The platform of the convention is an explicit and emphatic declaration of the principles in entire harmony with those of our party which have brought great honor and prosperity to our common country, and which, if continued, will bring us like blessings in the future."

"The convention was wise not only in its enunciation of party policies, but in its nomination of a candidate for the presidency. During the last three years President Roosevelt has been confronted with large and serious questions. These he has met and solved with thank you and courage. The charges made against him in the democratic platform finds an irrefutable answer in his splendid administration, never surpassed in all the history of the Republic and never equalled by any other administration. We have peace and great prosperity at home and upon terms of good neighborhood with our fellow citizens. The conditions constitute the strongest possible argument for the future."

"Later I shall avail myself of a favorable opportunity to submit to you, and through you, to my fellow citizens, a fuller expression of my views concerning the questions now in issue."

"Permit me again to thank you and to express the belief that we may confidently submit our cause to the candid and patriotic judgment of our countrymen."

CONTRABAND OF WAR. Precedents Already Established Will Not Be Receded From by Our Government.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The state department is in telegraphic communication with its agencies abroad respecting the Russian seizures and destruction of American goods, but it is not yet ready to define precisely its position as to the whole subject of seizures. These exchanges are not confined to St. Petersburg and Washington, but are intended to develop the purposes of the governments of other nations, and particularly of Britain and Germany, whose shipping has suffered more than that of any other.

It is said here that the precedents already established in the Spanish and Boer wars, as well as in the operations in China during the Black Flag uprising, have worked so satisfactorily and have received such universal approval that under no circumstances will America now recede from the doctrine that foodstuffs not directly intended for the use of a belligerent army or navy, can not be regarded as contraband.

FOR GOVERNOR'S WEEK. State World's Fair Commissioner Association Favor Having It in September.

St. Louis, Aug. 4.—Governors' week probably will be one of the features of the World's fair in the latter part of September. The suggestion for such a celebration came from A. C. Alexander, assistant secretary of the Indiana commission, and will be one of the matters to be discussed at the regular meeting of the executive commissioners' association.

Mr. Alexander believes that the week could be made one of the most elaborate celebrations of the exposition. Every state and territory is represented at the exposition, and it would be a splendid opportunity, he thinks, for the assembling of the chief executives and their wives, and one which probably would not present itself again in a lifetime. The governors could be guests at their respective state pavilions.

Letters have been addressed the various executive commissioners and Mr. Alexander received replies from 14, all of them viewing the matter in a most favorable light. The commissioners believe the idea is a splendid one, and promise to do all in their power to make the celebration a success.

FIRE AT ALBION IOWA. Nine Business Houses in the Principal Street of the Town Laid in Ashes.

Albion, Ia., Aug. 4.—Fire of unknown origin destroyed the building and stock of drugs owned by A. J. Kupka and eight other small business houses here. The entire side of the principal business street in the town was burned before the flames could be gotten under control. The loss will not exceed \$15,000, partially covered by insurance.

Fireworks Exploded Prematurely. New York, Aug. 4.—Two men were severely injured and the windows of half a dozen houses smashed, Tuesday night, in Brooklyn, by the premature explosion of a lot of fireworks at a celebration of the arrival of a squad of Alfonso's society.

Heartbroken Mother's Suicide. Springfield, Ill., Aug. 4.—Heartbroken because her wayward daughter was to be sent to the rescue home in this city, Mrs. Clara Allison took carbolic acid at the Brunswick hotel, from the effects of which she died.

Bull Weevils Are Busy. Cleburne, Tex., Aug. 4.—The continued rains in this section of the state are causing the farmers a good deal of uneasiness. Reports are coming in daily telling of the increase of the boll weevil. Cotton is deteriorating rapidly.

Inspection Trip Delayed. Washington, Aug. 4.—Secretary of the Navy Morton has changed the plans for his cruise of inspection on the dispatch boat Dolphin in New England coast waters, delaying his start until August 11.

SENATOR CHARLES WAR